DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 272 908 CS 210 008

TITLE	Grade 12 Diploma Examination, English 33. Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice). Readings Booklet. 1986 Edition.
INSTITUTION	Alberta Dept. of Education, Edmonton.
PUB DATE	Jun 86
NOTE	32p.; For related documents, see CS 210 003-009; for the 1985 editions, see ED 263 569-581.
PUB TYPE	Tests/Evaluation Instruments (160)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Achievement Tests; Educational Assessment; English Instruction; Foreign Countries; Grade 12; High Schools; *Literature Appreciation; Multiple Choice Tests; *Reading Comprehension; *Reading Skills; Reading Tests; Student Evaluation; Test Items
IDENTIFIERS	Alberta; English Examinations

ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in English 33 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test (to be administered along with the questions booklet) contains 10 short reading selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama, including the following: "How to Set a World Record" (William Allen); "Andy Shaw" (Alden Nowlan); "Read It Over Slowly, Twice" (Glen Bontje); and excerpt from "Trifles" (Susan Glaspell); "In a Season of Calm Weather" (Ray Bradbury); "Wayman in the Workforce: Actively Seeking Employment" (Tom Wayman); an excerpt from "The Women" (Clare Boothe); "The Bird and the Machine" (Loren Eiseley); a letter that the student evaluates; and a letter and pamphlets about which the student answers questions. (SRT)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED272908

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.
Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1986

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Alberta Department of Education
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

Alberta EDUCATION

CS 210 004

DUPLICATION OF THIS PAPER IN ANY MANNER OR ITS USE FOR PURPOSES OTHER THAN THOSE AUTHORIZED AND SCHEDULED BY ALBERTA EDUCATION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1986

1. Read the excerpt from "How To Set A World Record" and answer questions 1 to 5 from your Questions Booklet.

from HOW TO SET A WORLD RECORD

William Allen, a college bookworm, wants to set a world record. He hopes that his achievement, balancing a broomstick for one hour on the tip of his finger, will be recorded in the Guinness Book of World Records. *The action takes place before friends and his roommate, Charlie.*

I must say that Charlie's earlier remark that I was in good shape was a lie — and I was feeling worse by the second. At mark 45 minutes, my neck seemed to have become locked in its upward arch. My legs were trembling and the smaller toes on each foot were without feeling. My forefinger felt like it was supporting a length of lead pipe. But more startling, I think, was the strain on my mind. I felt giddy. Strange that I have this gift, I reflected. I can't even walk around the block without occasionally wobbling off to one side. It suddenly seemed as though all the balance normally spread throughout the human body had somehow converged in my forefinger. Wouldn't it be ironic, I thought dizzily, if I just toppled over? I sniggered, seeing myself flat on my back with the broom still perfectly poised on my finger. Then I began to observe the broomstraw in incredible detail. Each stick seemed huge, like trees...logs...telephone poles....

"Are you okay?" Charlie asked. I snapped out of it and reported my condition. He turned to the crowd. "Folks! With only ten minutes to go, I would like us to reflect on the enormous physical and mental strain Bill is suffering right before our eyes. It's the price all champions pay, of course, when they go the distance, when they stretch the fibers of their being to the breaking point." His voice became lower, gruffer. "You may as well know. Bill has been hallucinating for some time now. But think of it, folks. While all over this country of ours, people are destroying their minds with dangerous drugs, Bill here is achieving the ends they seek —" his voice rose: he cried, "— with *no chance* of dangerous after-effects!"

The hour mark came amazingly fast after that. There was a loud 10-second countdown, then the press's flashbulbs and strobes began going off like starbursts. Everybody began clapping and cheering. Using my peripheral vision, I saw that the crowd was on its feet, jumping around. I saw the happy, grinning faces.

I kept balancing. Charlie conferred with me, then yelled, "Folks! Bill is not going to stop! He says he will balance till he drops! Isn't he something? Take your seats, ladies and gentlemen. You're witnessing history tonight. Relax and enjoy it." The group was for seeing me drop, all right, but they didn't want to wait around all night for it. They became louder and harder to handle. They wanted more beer. At mark one hour, 15 minutes, I was on the verge of collapse anyway, so I gave in and tossed the broom in the air. With a feeble flourish, I caught it with the other hand and the record was set.

Continued

But no world record is *truly* set until someone has tried and failed to break it. After the congratulations, the interviews, the signing up of witnesses, it was time for everybody else to try. They didn't have a chance, of course. Most lasted only a pitiful few seconds, and the two best times were seven and ten minutes. These two had talent but lacked the rest of the magic combination.

My record never appeared in *The Guinness Book of World Records*. I'm not sure why. Maybe they thought I should have gone longer. Maybe the plane carrying the news went down in the Atlantic. At any rate, they never wrote back and I never bothered to check on it. I knew by then that it didn't matter. The record had still been set. I had the write-up — and this alone brought me all the acclaim I could handle.

You, too, can enjoy the same success. And don't worry if you don't have a talent such as mine. There is a man in Iowa who collects dirty oil rags. He has over a thousand so far — more than anyone else in the world. He's not in the Guinness book, either, but people still stop by almost daily to see his collection and ask his opinion about this or that. His picture often appears in the local papers.

All it takes is desire fostered by proper attitude.

William Allen

II. Read "Andy Shaw" and answer questions 6 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

ANDY SHAW

Three generations (and he loathed them all)
bought meat from Andy Shaw who clerked for Etter,
working six days a week for thirty years,
hating his job and looking for a better.

He never married and he blamed his wage,
never went more than twenty miles from town;
and every year came earlier to work,
cursing the butcher shop that tied him down.

When Charley Etter died his son came home
to run the store, so Andy got his pay.
Some claim the old man cried, offered to work
for less — or nothing — if they'd let him stay.

Alden Nowlan

III. Read "Read It Over Slowly, Twice" and answer questions 10 to 17 from your Questions Booklet.

READ IT OVER SLOWLY, TWICE

He was standing in the field, with his hands at his sides and his feet firmly planted into the soft earth. His head was tilted back, and his mouth was open. He stood like this a few minutes, then suddenly he bent down and cupped a handful of soil. It was warm and moist, and as it sifted through his fingers it left a stain, making a mark on the man who had made his mark on it.

Standing as he was, it was not hard to think of the man as a part of the soil, part of the land. It was obviously a part of him. It was the bread his family had eaten and the books his sons had read. It had left him frustrated and it had left him angry, but it had never left him hungry. It spoke of years of plenty and promised many more. It was his life.

He walked across the furrows toward the house. Red shutters at the windows, two rocking chairs side by side on the porch. The late afternoon sun pointed out a dozen places where the paint was chipped or the siding in need of repair, but with Lydia gone it didn't seem to matter.

Walking past the house, he turned toward the road, and the mailbox. The mailbox they ordered special from the Eaton's catalogue, despite the cost that would have made him pass it by if it weren't for the way Lydia's face lit up as she showed it to him. To pay for it he cut down to one pipeful a day, and they both went without new church clothes at Easter. But they scrimped the money somehow, and a month later it was standing at the gate, telling all who could see it that this was the property of *Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Hinton* (in one inch high, solid iron letters, guaranteed to never fade or rust or your money cheerfully refunded). Well, he had to hand it to T. Eaton and Co., it hadn't faded, although the *H* had fallen into the snow one year and now it read *Mr. & Mrs. Chas. inton*.

The only mail today was a colorful brochure that detailed how your Esso man was your friend, as well as your fertilizer dealer. He read it carefully as he walked back to the house, but threw it away when he got to the kitchen.

He opened a can of Scotch Broth soup, and set it on the stove to simmer. A bowl of soup wasn't really a proper dinner, he realized, but he hadn't gotten used to cooking for himself. It was such a change from the old days, when he would come home evenings after a long day of working, and wash his hands upstairs to the smell of Lydia's fine cooking and the sound of the boys' roughhousing. Besides, with just ten acres left, he couldn't even work up a sweat, much less an appetite.

He was going to simply leave the pot and bowl in the sink until morning, but he remembered how Lydia had lambasted the boys when they had tried to get away with that. He smiled, and carefully washed and dried them both, and put them properly away. Then he went out on the porch.

Continued

Rocking, back and forth in the rocking chair, he stared out across his land. That didn't take very long, though, and so he stared at what used to be his land. He had sold most of it when the boys moved away, and kept just enough for a good-sized garden.

He remembered the day, a week after Paul's high school graduation, when Paul told him that he would be leaving the farm to go to college. He had been real proud of Paul for finishing high school, something he had never done on account of the Depression, but he couldn't see why a boy on the farm would need a college education. It took him a while to realize that his first son had no intention of staying on the farm. In time, he would find that Peter and Mark felt the same way. Now Paul was in Toronto, working for a newspaper there; Peter and Mark were in Saskatoon. And he was still here, alone.

Taking out his tobacco pouch, he carefully began to fill his pipe. Using just a pinch of Copenhagen at a time, he worked slowly, being sure not to pack the bowl too tightly. Then he lit it and sat back, puffing contentedly, remembering how the boys would smile as he sat and rocked, thinking him old-fashioned and square, but somehow it seemed the only proper way to finish a day.

Sitting as he was, with the second rocking chair waiting beside him, it was not hard to pretend that in a minute Lydia would join him on the porch and they would sit together and rock and share twilight thoughts. He was not an imaginative man, and would be hard pressed to try to explain what it was like, but it felt like contentment.

He got up and with the pipe between his teeth he went to the clothesline in back, and took down a couple of workshirts and two pairs of coveralls that he had washed that afternoon. He set them down on the rocker, and emptied his pipe by banging it against the porch rail. He scraped it out with his pocketknife, then gathered up the clothes and went inside.

He put the clothes away, then sat at the kitchen table and switched the radio on. For as long as he could remember the radio had been the main entertainment of the evening and he had never bought a television, having never felt the need for one.

It was still too early for the weather report and for now there was a man talking about a new resort near Banff. That made him smile, because the only real holiday of his life had been spent in Banff, more than twenty years ago. It was the year of a really good harvest, and he had the choice of putting a down payment on a new tractor or taking a holiday. He chose the holiday, and although the old tractor broke down twice the next year, he would never regret that decision. They spent a week in Banff and Lake Louise, and while they were gone the neighbors looked after the place. That week was the longest he had been away from the farm except for the war, of course.

The water was boiling and he poured it over the instant coffee mix, which try as he might he couldn't believe tasted like coffee. Then it was time for the weather.

The program came from Saskatoon and told what the weather was like for most of the prairies, and most of the time it was pretty near right. So he listened every night,

Continued

and usually he kept the station on after it was over. Except tonight was Wednesday, when they played rock and roll music till midnight. So he switched it off.

He thought about phoning Mark in Saskatoon, but the boy was probably out carousing and didn't want to hear from his old man. So he dug the Esso brochure out of the garbage and read it over slowly, twice.

He switched the radio back on, and turned around to see what else was on. He was able to get a French program, which did him no good, and so he kept looking until he found a station from Great Falls, Montana. He wondered what the weather was like in Great Falls, Montana, and after a while a man came on and said that it was warm. Then he turned off all the lights downstairs. He went upstairs in the darkness and switched on the light that sat on the little table beside his bed. He turned down the sheet and the Hudson's Bay blanket, but he didn't get into bed. He went back downstairs.

He stood in the field, wearing bedroom slippers and his housecoat, and a pair of pyjama bottoms. He stood, alone, a long time before he went in the house.

Glen Bontje

IV. Read the excerpt from *Trifles* and answer questions 18 to 25 from your Questions Booklet.

from TRIFLES

Cast

George Henderson – County Attorney
Henry Peters – Sheriff
Mrs. Hale – a neighbor
Mrs. Peters – his wife

Henderson and Peters are investigating the murder of John Wright. The setting is the Wright kitchen where the women are gathering some of Mrs. Wright's personal belongings. Mrs. Wright is being held in jail on the murder charge.

MRS. HALE: Do you think she did it?

MRS. PETERS (*Starts to speak, glances up, where footsteps are heard in the room above. In a low voice*): Mr. Peters says it looks bad for her. Mr. Henderson is awful sarcastic in a speech and he'll make fun of her sayin' she didn't wake up.

MRS. HALE: Well, I guess John Wright didn't wake when they was slipping that rope under his neck.

MRS. PETERS: No, it's strange. It must have been done awful crafty and still. They say it was such a — funny way to kill a man, rigging it all up like that.

MRS. HALE: That's just what Mr. Hale said. There was a gun in the house. He says that's what he can't understand.

MRS. PETERS: Mr. Henderson said coming out that what was needed for the case was a motive; something to show anger, or — sudden feeling.

MRS. HALE (*Who is standing by the table*): I don't see any signs of anger around here....

MRS. PETERS: She was piecing a quilt. (*She brings the large sewing basket and they look at the bright pieces.*)

MRS. HALE: It's log cabin pattern. Pretty, isn't it? I wonder if she was goin' to quilt it or just knot it?

(*Footsteps have been heard coming down the stairs.* The SHERIFF *enters followed by the* COUNTY ATTORNEY.)

SHERIFF: They wonder if she was going to quilt it or just knot it!

(*The men laugh, the women look abashed.*[1]*...The men go outside.*)...

MRS. HALE (*Examining another block*): Mrs. Peters, look at this one. Here, this is the one she was working on, and look at the sewing! All the rest of it has been so nice and even. And look at this! It's all over the place! Why, it looks as if she didn't know what she was about!

(*After she has said this they look at each other, then start to glance back at the door. After an instant* MRS. HALE *has pulled at a knot and ripped the sewing.*)...

[1]abashed — embarrassed

Continued

MRS. HALE: I'll just finish up this end. (*Suddenly stopping and leaning forward*) Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: What do you suppose she was so nervous about?

MRS. PETERS: Oh — I don't know. I don't know as she was nervous. I sometimes sew awful queer when I'm just tired. (MRS. HALE *starts to say something, looks at* MRS. PETERS, *then goes on sewing.*) Well, I must get these things wrapped up...Why, here's a bird-cage. (*Holds it up*) Did she have a bird, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: Why, I don't know whether she did or not — I have not been here for so long....She used to sing real pretty herself.

MRS. PETERS (*Glancing around*): Seems funny to think of a bird here. But she must have had one, or why would she have a cage? I wonder what happened to it.

MRS. HALE: I s'pose maybe the cat got it.

MRS. PETERS: No, she didn't have a cat. She's got that feeling some people have about cats — being afraid of them.... (*Examining the cage*) Why, look at this door. It's broke. One hinge is pulled apart.

MRS. HALE (*Looking too*): Looks as if someone must have been rough with it.

MRS. PETERS: Why, yes. (*She brings the bird-cage forward and puts it on the table.*)

MRS. HALE: I wish if they're going to find any evidence they'd be about it. I don't like this place.

MRS. PETERS: But I'm awful glad you came with me, Mrs. Hale. It would be lonesome for me sitting here alone.

MRS. HALE: It would, wouldn't it? (*Dropping her sewing*) But I tell you what I do wish, Mrs. Peters. I wish I had come over sometimes when *she* was here. I — (*Looking around the room*) — wish I had....

MRS. PETERS: Well, you mustn't reproach yourself, Mrs. Hale. Somehow we just don't see how it is with other folks until — something turns up.

MRS. HALE: Not having children makes less work — but it makes a quiet house, and Wright out to work all day, and no company when he did come in. Did you know John Wright, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Not to know him; I've seen him in town. They say he was a good man.

MRS. HALE: Yes — good; he didn't drink, and kept his word as most, I guess, and paid his debts. But he was a hard man, Mrs. Peters. Just to pass the time of day with him — (*Shivers*) Like a raw wind that gets to the bone. (*Pauses, her eye falling on the cage*) I should think she would 'a' wanted a bird. But what do you suppose went with it?

MRS. PETERS: I don't know, unless it got sick and died. (*She reaches over and swings the broken door, swings it again. Both women watch it.*)...

MRS. HALE: She — come to think of it, she was kind of like a bird herself — real

Continued

sweet and pretty, but kind of timid and — fluttery. How — she — did — change. (*Silence; then as if struck by a happy thought and relieved to get back to everyday things*) Tell you what Mrs. Peters, why don't you take the quilt in with you? It might take up her mind.

MRS. PETERS: Why, I think that's a real nice idea, Mrs. Hale. There couldn't possibly be any objection to it, could there? Now, just what would I take? I wonder if her patches are in here — and her things.

(*They look in the sewing basket.*)

MRS. HALE: Here's some red. I expect this has got sewing things in it. (*Brings out a fancy box*) What a pretty box. Looks like something somebody would give you. Maybe her scissors are in here. (*Opens box. Suddenly puts her hand to her nose*) Why — (MRS. PETERS *bends nearer, then turns her face away.*) There's something wrapped up in this piece of silk.

MRS. PETERS: Why, this isn't her scissors.

MRS. HALE (*Lifting the silk*): Oh, Mrs. Peters — it's — (MRS. PETERS *bends closer.*)

MRS. PETERS: It's the bird.

MRS. HALE (*Jumping up*): But, Mrs. Peters — look at it! Its neck! Look at its neck! It's all — other side *to*.

MRS. PETERS: Somebody — wrung — its — neck.

(*Their eyes meet. A look of growing comprehension, of horror. Steps are heard outside.* MRS. HALE *slips the box under the quilt pieces, and sinks into her chair. Enter* SHERIFF *and* COUNTY ATTORNEY. MRS. PETERS *rises.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*As one turning from serious things to little pleasantries*): Well, ladies, have you decided whether she was going to quilt it or knot it?

MRS. PETERS: We think she was going to — knot it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Well, that's interesting, I'm sure. (*Seeing the bird-cage*) Has the bird flown?

MRS. HALE (*Putting more quilt pieces over the box*): We think the — cat got it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*Preoccupied*): Is there a cat?

(MRS. HALE *glances in a quick covert way at* MRS. PETERS.)

MRS. PETERS: Well, not now. They're superstitious, you know. They leave.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*To* SHERIFF PETERS, *continuing an interrupted conversation*): No sign at all of anyone having come from the outside. Their own rope. Now let's go up again and go over it piece by piece.

(MRS. PETERS *sits down. The two women sit there not looking at one another, but as if peering into something and at the same time holding back. When they talk now, it is in the manner of feeling their way over strange ground, as if afraid of what they are saying, but as if they cannot help saying it.*)

MRS. HALE: She liked the bird. She was going to bury it in that pretty box.

Continued

MRS. PETERS (*In a whisper*): When I was a girl — my kitten — there was a boy with a hatchet, and before my eyes — and before I could get there — (*Covers her face an instant*) If they hadn't held me back I would have — (*Catches herself, looks upstairs where steps are heard, falters weakly*) — hurt him.

MRS. HALE (*With a low look around her*): I wonder how it would seem never to have had any children around. (*Pause*) No. Wright wouldn't like the bird — a thing that sang. She used to sing. He killed that, too.

MRS. PETERS (*Moving uneasily*): We don't know who killed the bird.

MRS. HALE: I knew John Wright.

MRS. PETERS: It was an awful thing was done in this house that night, Mrs. Hale. Killing a man while he slept, slipping a rope around his neck that choked the life out of him.

MRS. HALE: His neck. Choked the life out of him. (*Her hand goes out and rests on the bird-cage.*)

MRS. PETERS (*With rising voice*): We don't know who killed him. We don't know.

MRS. HALE (*Her own feeling not interrupted*): If there'd been years and years of nothing, then a bird to sing to you, it would be awful — still, after the bird was still....

MRS. PETERS: I know what stillness is. (*Pulling herself back*) The law has got to punish crime, Mrs. Hale.

MRS. HALE (*Not as if answering that*): I wish you'd seen Minnie Foster when she wore a white dress with blue ribbons and stood up there in the choir and sang. (*A look around the room*) Oh, I wish I'd come over here once in a while! That was a crime! That was a crime! Who's going to punish that?

MRS. PETERS (*Looking upstairs*): We mustn't — take on.

Susan Glaspell

V. Read the following materials about Robin's plans to visit EXPO '86 and answer questions 26 to 33 from your Questions Booklet.

Robin is planning to attend EXPO '86 during her summer vacation. She has corresponded with her grandmother who lives in Vancouver, and her grandmother has sent her some information about EXPO '86. Robin's most recent letter to her grandmother and the materials she has collected are listed as follows:

T – Robin's most recent letter to her grandmother
U – A page from Robin's notebook
V – An EXPO '86 information pamphlet
W – Information about admission prices
X – A copy of *A Guide to Vancouver*
Y – A map of the EXPO '86 site
Z – Robin's budget

T. Robin's most recent letter to her grandmother

May 1, 1986

Dear Grandma,

Thanks for the interesting Expo '86 information. The rides look like a lot of fun. I'll try to take in as many as I can when I go to Expo. Also I bet there will be some good entertainment in the World Festival. I hope I can afford to go to at least one rock concert.

Thanks too, for inviting me to stay with you for free when I'm in Vancouver. I don't know yet when I'll get to Expo or where I'll stay in Vancouver for sure, but even if I don't stay with you, I'll visit. There are three CYA approved places to stay nearer downtown than your place that offer student rates, so I might stay at one of them. It all depends on how much money I have. My friend Susan is driving to Vancouver at about the time I want to go. We could share the driving, but she has to come back after only three days. I'd have to find my own way back somehow.

I'm enclosing a money order for a three day ticket to Expo. Please buy one for me and send it the next time you write. I'll write again when I decide what I'm going to do.

Love,
Robin

Continued

U. A page from Robin's notebook

TRANSPORTATION (Vancouver and return)

	METHOD OF TRAVEL	TRAVEL TIME (one way)	COST	
			one way	Return
1.	By Plane	1.5 hours	$155.00	$160.00 (special charter)
2.	By Train	24 hours	$85.00	$144.00
3.	By Bus	18 hours	$65.00	$111.00
4.	By Car	16 hours	$40.00 (I'd pay half $20.00)	$80.00

LODGING

Name of lodge + location — Notes – student rates

1. Expo Inn and Out
   71 Allen Street
   — $25.00 a night very close to Expo site (could walk)

2. Shangri-la
   10 Newbrooke Avenue
   — $20.00 a night Transportation to Expo site provided (bus back would cost $1.00 a day) Mary stayed there and liked it.

3. Youth Hostel
   71 Sly Way
   — $15.00 a night Close to Bus (buses would cost $2.00 a day)

EXTRA EXPENSES: Dad says to keep $200.00 for miscellaneous expenses (this would include money I'd spend on myself)

Continued

V. An EXPO '86 information pamphlet

THE • 1986 • WORLD • EXPOSITION

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!

The 1986 World Exposition
Vancouver
British Columbia, Canada
May 2–October 13, 1986

GET INVOLVED IN THE EXCITEMENT

With more than 80 pavilions and theme plazas, 75 restaurants and food fairs, 14,000 performances, and over 80 nations contributing, plus much more, Expo 86 will be the largest and most spectacular event ever to involve all six continents in one international gathering. Come and celebrate a once-in-a-world Exposition. Join in an historic occasion that is certain to be unforgettable.

A GLIMPSE OF WHAT TO EXPECT

Three Remarkable "Theme Dream" Plazas: The Marine Plaza will display a spectacular dreamship, the Air Plaza's 40 metre theme structure will reveal a multitude of fantasy aircraft, and the Land Plaza will feature an International Traffic Jam with the world's wildest collection of street vehicles.

Hang on For Your Life when you experience one of the many breathtaking rides. Become a thrill-seeker by riding the world's largest double-helix roller coaster with its 360-degree loop and double spiral or experience the sensation of free fall on the Gyro Tower. For the adventurous, the Flume Ride provides an exhilarating water channel trip. AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE!

Folk Life Festival Visit the massive cedar log house containing examples of Canada's native and ethnic cultures, crafts, games, ceremonies and food. Ongoing demonstrations, displays and features will entertain everyone every moment. Don't miss this free on-site pavilion.

World Festival of the performing arts will operate in conjunction with Entertainment 86. The world festival will be held at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, the Playhouse, and the Orpheum Concert Hall. Highly acclaimed pop stars, symphonies, dance troupes, jazz musicians, actors, and more will provide more than 250 performances. Don't miss the world's greatest classical companies and performers as well as the most popular new artists and entertainers.

Expo Centre is a phenomenal 17-storey geodesic pavilion. This gem-like centre-piece offers a breathtaking array of pavilions including the Omnimax Theatre, Design 2000, Futures Theatre, and waterfront restaurants and shops. Don't pass by this monumental special attraction.

Continued

W. Information about admission prices

EXPO • 86 • ADMISSION • PRICES

Admission includes entrance to more than 80 pavilions, all displays, special demonstrations and most on-site entertainment. Unlimited use of the monorail, cable skyways, intra-site ferries, and rapid transit is also included. There will be an additional charge for amusement rides ($2.00), special attractions ($4.50), and entertainment offered at the World Festival locations ($10.00).

SEASON PASS Unlimited admission to Expo 86 May 2 - October 13, 1986.

Buy Early and Save	May 2/85 Oct 13/85	Oct 14/85 Jan 6/86	Jan 7/86 May 1/86	Other
Adult	99.00	119.00	139.00	160.00
Child (6-12 yrs) Senior	49.50	59.50	69.50	80.00

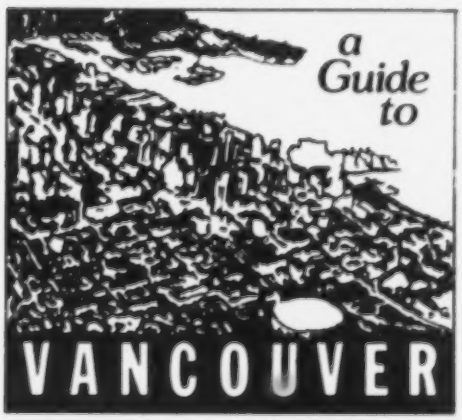
3-DAY TICKET Provides admission any days May 2-Oct 13, 1986. You need not attend on three consecutive days.

Buy Early and Save	May 2/85 Oct 13/85	Oct 14/85 Jan 6/86	Jan 7/86 May 1/86	Other
Adult	29.95	34.95	39.95	45.00
Child (6-12 yrs) Senior	14.95	17.50	19.95	22.50

ONE DAY TICKET Admission for one day All Ages (6 yrs and Over) $20.00
5 years and under admitted FREE

See attached for Advance Ticket Order Form.
For further information and phone orders: Expo Info, P.O. Box 1800, Station A, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6C 3A2 Telephone (604) 660-EXPO or (604) 660-2976.

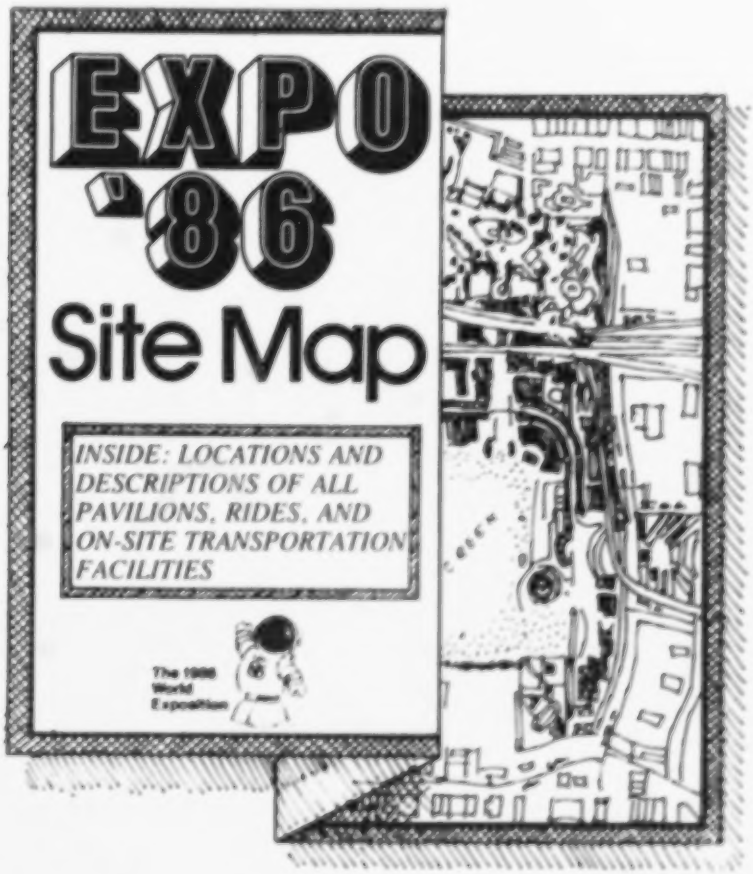
X. A copy of *A Guide to Vancouver*



This handy guide to the most beautiful city in North America lists current happenings in Vancouver's cultural and recreational scene. It includes a comprehensive section on Stanley Park and sections on Gastown, Chinatown, Granville Island and many other Vancouver attractions. In addition, there is a shopper's guide to major shopping centres and specialty stores. A comprehensive dining-out section is included.

Continued

Y. A map of the EXPO '86 site



Z. Robin's budget

Transportation (Vancouver and Return)	$ 85.00
Lodging (5 nights)	$125.00
Meals	$100.00
Presents	$ 50.00
Miscellaneous	$200.00
TOTAL	$560.00

VI. Read "In a Season of Calm Weather" and answer questions 34 to 42 from your Questions Booklet.

IN A SEASON OF CALM WEATHER

George and Alice Smith detrained at Biarritz[1] one summer noon and in an hour had run through their hotel, onto the beach, into the ocean and back out to bake upon the sand.

To see George Smith sprawled burning there, you'd think him only a tourist...But here was a man who loved art more than life itself.

"There..." George Smith sighed. Another ounce of perspiration trickled down his chest. Boil out the Ohio tap water, he thought, then drink down the best Bordeaux....

Why? Why eat, breathe, drink everything French? So that, given time, he might really begin to understand the genius of one man.

His mouth moved, forming a name.

"George?" His wife loomed over him. "I know what you've been thinking. I can read your lips."

He lay perfectly still, waiting.

"And?"

"Picasso,"[2] she said.

He winced. Someday she would learn to pronounce that name.

"Please," she said. "Relax. I know, you heard the rumor this morning...All right, Picasso's here, down the coast a few miles away, visiting friends in some small fishing town. But you must forget it or our vacation's ruined."

"I wish I'd never heard the rumor," he said honestly.

"If only," she said, "you liked other painters."

Others? Yes, there were others. He could breakfast most congenially[3] on Caravaggio[4] still lifes of autumn pears and midnight plums. For lunch, those fire-squirting, thick-wormed Van Gogh[5] sunflowers...But the great feast? The paintings he saved his palate for? There, filling the horizon...who else but the creator of *Girl Before a Mirror* and *Guernica?*[6]

"Alice," he said patiently, "how can I explain? Coming down on the train I thought, Good Lord, it's *all* Picasso country!"

But was it really? he wondered. The sky, the land, the people, the flushed pink bricks here, scrolled electric-blue ironwork balconies there, a mandolin ripe as a fruit in some man's thousand-fingerprinting hands, billboard tatters blowing like confetti in night winds — how much was Picasso, how much George Smith staring round the world with wild Picasso eyes? He despaired of answering....

"I keep thinking," he said aloud, "if we saved our money —"

Continued

[1]Biarritz — a French resort
[2]Picasso — Pablo Picasso, a famous Spanish artist of the 20th century
[3]congenially — happily
[4]Caravaggio — Michelangelo Amerighi Caravaggio, an Italian painter of the 16th century
[5]Van Gogh — Vincent Van Gogh, a famous Dutch artist of the 19th century
[6]*Girl Before a Mirror* and *Guernica* — famous paintings by Picasso

"We'll never have five thousand dollars."

"I know," he said quietly. "But it's nice thinking we might bring it off someday. Wouldn't it be great to just step up to him, say, 'Pablo, here's five thousand! Give us the sea, the sand, that sky, or any old thing you want, we'll be happy....'"

After a moment, his wife touched his arm.

"I think you'd better go in the water now," she said.

"Yes," he said. "I'd better do just that."...

During the afternoon, George Smith came out and went into the ocean with the vast spilling motions of now warm, now cool people who at last, with the sun's decline, their bodies all lobster colors and colors of broiled squab and guinea hen, trudged for their wedding-cake hotels.

The beach lay deserted for endless mile on mile, save for two people. One was George Smith, towel over shoulder, out for a last devotional.

Far along the shore another, shorter, square-cut man walked alone in the tranquil weather. He was deeply tanned, his close-shaven head dyed almost mahogany by the sun, and his eyes were clear and bright as water in his face.

So the shore-line stage was set, and in a few minutes the two men would meet. And once again Fate fixed the scales for shocks and surprises, arrivals and departure....

The stranger stood alone. Glancing about, he saw his aloneness...and then, half turning, spied a small wooden object on the sand. It was no more than the slender stick from a lime ice-cream delicacy long since melted away. Smiling, he picked the stick up. With another glance around to reinsure his solitude, the man stooped again and, holding the stick gently, with light sweeps of his hand began to do the one thing in all the world he knew best how to do.

He began to draw incredible figures along the sand.

He sketched one figure and then moved over and, still looking down, completely focused on his work now, drew a second and a third figure and after that a fourth and a fifth and a sixth....

George Smith, printing the shore line with his feet, gazed here, gazed there, and then saw the man ahead. George Smith, drawing nearer, saw that the man, deeply tanned, was bending down. Nearer yet, and it was obvious what the man was up to. George Smith chuckled. Of course, of course...alone on the beach this man, how old? 65? 70? was scribbling and doodling away. How the sand flew!...

George Smith looked down at the sand. And after a long while, looking, he began to tremble.

For there on the flat shore were pictures of Grecian lions and Mediterranean goats and maidens with flesh of sand like powdered gold and satyrs[7] piping on hand-carved horns and children dancing, strewing flowers along and along the beach with lambs gamboling after and musicians skipping to their harps and lyres, and unicorns racing youths toward distant meadows, woodlands, ruined temples and volcanoes. Along the shore in a never-broken line, the hand, the wooden stylus of this man bent down in

Continued

[7]satyrs — mythical figures, half human, half goat

fever and raining perspiration, scribbled, ribboned, looped around, over and up, across, in, out, stitched, whispered, stayed, then hurried on as if this traveling bacchanal[8] must flourish to its end before the sun was put out by the sea. Twenty, thirty yards or more, the nymphs and dryads and summer founts sprang up...

The artist stopped.

George Smith drew back and stood away.

The artist glanced up...Then he simply stood there, looking from George Smith to his own creations...He smiled at last and shrugged as if to say, Look what I've done; see what a child? You will forgive me, won't you? One day or another we are all fools...you, too, perhaps? So allow an old fool this, eh? Good! Good!

But George Smith could only look at the little man with the sun-dark skin and the clear, sharp eyes and say the man's name once, in a whisper, to himself.

They stood thus for perhaps another five seconds, George Smith staring at the sand frieze[9], and the artist watching George Smith with amused curiosity. George Smith opened his mouth, closed it, put out his hand, took it back. He stepped toward the pictures, stepped away. Then he moved along the line of figures, like a man viewing a precious series of marbles cast up from some ancient ruin on the shore. His eyes did not blink; his hand wanted to touch but did not dare to touch. He wanted to run but did not run.

He looked suddenly at the hotel. Run, yes! Run! What? Grab a shovel, dig, excavate, save a chunk of this all too crumbling sand? Find a repairman, race him back here with plaster of Paris to cast a mold of some small fragile part of these? No, no. Silly, silly. Or...? His eyes flicked to his hotel window. The camera! Run, get it, get back and hurry along the shore, clicking, changing film, clicking, until....

George Smith whirled to face the sun. It burned faintly on his face; his eyes were two small fires from it. The sun was half underwater and as he watched, it sank the rest of the way in a matter of seconds.

The artist had drawn nearer and now was gazing into George Smith's face with great friendliness...Now he was nodding his head in a little bow. Now the ice-cream stick had fallen casually from his fingers. Now he was saying good night, good night. Now he was gone, walking back down the beach...

George Smith stood looking after him. After a full minute, he did the only thing that he could possibly do. He started at the beginning of the fantastic frieze of satyrs and fauns and wine-dipped maidens and prancing unicorns and piping youths and he walked slowly along the shore. He walked a long way...And when he came to the end of the animals and men, he turned around and started back in the other direction, just staring down as if he had lost something and did not quite know where to find it. He

Continued

[8]bacchanal — wild party
[9]frieze — band of decoration

kept on doing this until there was no more light in the sky, or on the sand, to see by.

He sat down at the supper table.

"You're late," said his wife. "I just had to come down alone. I'm ravenous."

"That's all right," he said.

"Anything interesting happen on your walk?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"You look funny. George, you didn't swim out too far, did you, and almost drown? I can tell by your face. You *did* swim out too far, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well," she said, watching him closely, "don't ever do that again. Now — what'll you have?"

He picked up the menu and started to read it and stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong?" asked his wife.

He turned his head and shut his eyes for a moment.

"Listen."

She listened.

"I don't hear anything," she said.

"Don't you?"

"No. What is it?"

"Just the tide," he said after a while, sitting there, his eyes still shut. "Just the tide, coming in."

Ray Bradbury

VII. Read "Wayman in the Workforce: Actively Seeking Employment" and answer questions 43 to 49 from your Questions Booklet.

WAYMAN IN THE WORKFORCE: ACTIVELY SEEKING EMPLOYMENT

Everybody was very nice. Each place Wayman went
the receptionist said: "Certainly we are hiring.
Just fill out one of these forms." Then, silence.
Wayman would call back each plant and corporation
and his telephone would explain: "Well, you see,
we do our hiring pretty much at random. Our interviewers
draw someone out of the stack of applications we have on file.
There's no telling when you might be notified: could be next week
or the week after that. Or, you might never hear from us at all."

One Thursday afternoon, Wayman's luck ran out.
He had just completed a form for a motor truck
manufacturing establishment, handed it in to the switchboard operator
and was headed happily out. "Just a minute, sir," the girl said.
"Please take a seat over there. Someone will see you about this."

Wayman's heart sank. He heard her dialling Personnel.
"There's a guy here willing to work full time
and he says he'll do anything," she said excitedly.
Around the corner strode a man in a suit. "Want a job, eh?" he said.
He initialled one corner of the application and left.
Then a man in a white coat appeared. "I'm Gerry," the newcomer said.
"This way." And he was gone through a doorway into the plant.

"We make seven trucks a day," Gerry shouted
standing sure-footedly amid a clanking, howling, bustling din.
"Over here is the cab shop, where you'll work. I'll be your foreman.
And here is the chassis assembly..." a speeding forklift narrowly missed them
"...and this is where we make the parts."
"Wait a minute," Wayman protested, his voice barely audible
above the roar of hammers, drills, and the rivet guns. "I'm pretty green
at this sort of thing."
"Nothing to worry about," Gerry said.
"Can you start tomorrow? Monday? Okay,
you enter through this door. I'll meet you here."
They were standing near an office marked *First Aid*.
"We have to do a minor physical on you now," Gerry said.
"Just step inside. I'll see you Monday."

Continued

Wayman went shakily in through the First Aid office doors.
"I need your medical history," the attendant said
as Wayman explained who he was. "Stand over here.
Thank you. Now drop your pants."
Wayman did as he was told. "You seem sort of nervous to me,"
the aid man said, as he wrote down notes to himself.
"Me, I'm a bit of an amateur psychologist. There are 500 men
in this plant, and I know 'em all.
Got to, in my job. You shouldn't be nervous.
Remember when you apply for work you're really selling yourself.
Be bold. Where are you placed? Cab shop?
Nothing to worry about working there: monkey see, monkey do."

Then Wayman was pronounced fit, and the aid man escorted him
back through the roaring maze into the calm offices of Personnel.
There Wayman had to sign for time cards, employee number, health scheme
and only just managed to decline
company credit union, company insurance plan, and a company social club.
At last he was released, and found himself back on the street
clutching his new company parking lot sticker in a light rain.
Even in his slightly dazed condition,
a weekend away from actually starting work, Wayman could tell
he had just been hired.

Tom Wayman

VIII. Read the excerpt from *The Women* and answer questions 50 to 57 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE WOMEN

The setting is a beauty salon. Mary, an attractive young woman, married for several years, is having her nails done by Olga. Mary's friend Nancy Fowler has recommended Olga. When Nancy leaves, Olga begins talking about Nancy in a friendly way.

OLGA: Funny, isn't she?

MARY: She's a darling.

OLGA (*Filing* MARY's *nails*): She's a writer? How do those writers think up those plots? I guess the plot part's not so hard to think up as the end. I guess anybody's life'd make an interesting plot if it had an interesting end — Mrs. Fowler sent you in? (MARY, *absorbed in her book, nods.*) She's sent me three clients this week. Know Mrs. Herbert Parrish that was Mrs. Malcolm Leeds? Well, Mrs. Parrish was telling me herself about her divorce. Seems Mr. Parrish came home one night with lipstick on his undershirt. Said he always explained everything before. But *that* was something he just wasn't going to try to explain. Know Mrs. Potter? She's awful pregnant —

MARY (*She wants to read*): I know.

OLGA: Soak it, please. (*Puts* MARY's *hand in water. Begins on other hand*) Know Mrs. Stephen Haines?

MARY: What? Why, yes, I —

OLGA: I guess Mrs. Fowler's told you about that! Mrs. Fowler feels awfully sorry for her.

MARY (*Laughing*): Oh, she does! Well, I don't. I —

OLGA: You would if you knew this girl.

MARY: What girl?

OLGA: This Crystal Allen.

MARY: Crystal Allen?

OLGA: Yes, you know. The girl who's living with Mr. Haines. (MARY *starts violently.*) Don't you like the file? Mrs. Potter says it sets her unborn child's teeth on edge.

MARY (*Indignant*): Whoever told you such a thing?

OLGA: Oh, I thought you knew. Didn't Mrs. Fowler —?

MARY: No —

OLGA: Then you will be interested. You see, Crystal Allen is a friend of mine. She's really a terrible mantrap. Soak it, please. (MARY, *dazed, puts her hand in the dish.*) She's behind the perfume counter at Saks'. So was I before I got fi—left. That's how she met him.

MARY: Stephen Haines?

OLGA: Yeah. It was a couple of months ago. Us girls wasn't busy. It was an awful rainy day, I remember. So this gentleman walks up to the counter. He was the serious type, nice-looking, but kind of thin on top. Well, Crystal nabs him. "I want some perfume," he says. "May I awsk what type of woman for?" Crystal

Continued

says, very Ritzy. That didn't mean a thing. She was going to sell him Summer Rain, our feature anyway. "Is she young?" Crystal says. "No," he says, sort of embarrassed. "Is she the glamorous type?" Crystal says. "No, thank God," he says. "Thank God?" Crystal says and bats her eyes. She's got those eyes which run up and down a man like a searchlight. Well, she puts perfume on her palm and in the crook of her arm for him to smell. So he got to smelling around and I guess he liked it. Because we heard him tell her his name, which one of the girls recognized from Cholly Knickerbocker's[1] column — Gee, you're nervous. — Well, it was after that I left. I wouldn't of thought no more about it. But a couple of weeks ago I stopped by where Crystal lives to say hello. And the landlady says she'd moved to the kind of house where she could entertain her gentleman friend. "What gentleman friend?" I says. "Why, that Mr. Haines that she's had up in her room all hours of the night," the landlady says. — Did I hurt? (MARY *draws her hand away.*) One coat, or two? (*Picks up a red bottle*)

MARY: None. (*Rises and goes to the chair where she has left her purse*)

OLGA: But I thought that's what you came for? All Mrs. Fowler's friends —

MARY: I think I've gotten what all Mrs. Fowler's friends came for. (*Puts coin on the table*)

OLGA (*Picks up coin*): Oh, thanks. — Well, good-bye. I'll tell her you were in, Mrs. —?

MARY: Mrs. Stephen Haines.

OLGA: Mrs. —? Oh, gee, gee! Gee, Mrs. Haines — I'm sorry! Oh, isn't there something I can do?

MARY: Stop telling that story!

OLGA: Oh, sure, sure, I will!

MARY: And please, don't tell anyone — (*Her voice breaks.*) — that you told it to *me* —

OLGA: Oh, I won't, gee, I promise! Gee, that would be kind of humiliating for you! (*Defensively*): But in a way, Mrs. Haines, I'm kinda *glad* you know. Crystal is a terrible girl — I mean, she's terribly clever. And she's terribly pretty, Mrs. Haines — I mean, if I was you I wouldn't waste no time getting Mr. Haines away from her — (MARY *turns abruptly away.*) I mean, now you *know*, Mrs. Haines! (OLGA *eyes the coin in her hand distastefully, suddenly puts it down on the table and exits.* MARY, *alone, stares blankly in the mirror, then suddenly focusing on her image, leans forward, searching her face between her trembling hands.*)

Clare Boothe

[1]Cholly Knickerbocker — gossip columnist

IX. Read the following rough draft of Jim Brown's letter to the Chief of Police. Help Jim to improve his letter by answering questions 58 to 62 from your Questions Booklet.

Box 1198
Grassy Hills, Alberta
June 10, 1986

Rough Draft

Chief of Police
Traffic Division
Police Headquarters
Grassy Hills, Alberta

Dear sir:

V. One day last week I was given a $25.00 ticket by a cop for going through a red light at an intersection.

W. I think this is an unreasonable ticket and that the officer who issued it made a mistake. What do you think?

X. I would like to explain what happened. My friend was in the car at the time and was a witness. As I approached the intersection the light was green. I turned into the turning lane. ~~and~~ When I got to the intersection the light was amber but there were no cars approaching In front of me In the left lane, so I kept going into the intersection. Then maybe the light turned red, but I wasn't going to slam on the brakes because there was a car up close behind me.

Y. I don't know if he got a ticket. I've had whiplash before, and it's made me very nervous about using my brakes. The lane ahead of me was clear, so I kept going, as I said, I was late for work. I never even saw the police car following me. My friend saw it.

Z. Anyway, I want your opinion on this because I don't see what else I was supposed to do. A yellow light is for clearing the intersection, right? Am I supposed to slam on the brakes in the middle of the intersection? You time that yellow light and you'll see it's about two seconds.

Yours truly,
Jim Brown

X. Read the excerpt from "The Bird and the Machine" and answer questions 63 to 70 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE BIRD AND THE MACHINE

I do not quite know why I should be thinking of birds over *The New York Times* at breakfast. It is a funny thing what the brain will do with memories and how it will treasure them and finally bring them into odd juxtapositions[1] with other things.

It used to seem marvelous to me, but I read now that there are machines that can do these things in a small way, machines that can crawl about like animals, and that it may not be long now until they do more things — maybe even make themselves — I saw that piece in the *Times* just now.

This is the great age, make no mistake about it; the robot has been born somewhat appropriately along with the atom bomb, and the brain they say now is just another type of more complicated feedback system. The engineers have its basic principles worked out; it's mechanical, you know; and man can always improve on nature once he gets the idea. Well, he's got it all right and that's why, I guess, that I sit here in my chair, with the article crunched in my hand, remembering those two birds and that blue mountain sunlight....

We came into the valley through the trailing mists of a spring night. It was a place that looked as though it might never have known the foot of man, but our scouts had been ahead of us and we knew all about the abandoned cabin of stone that lay far up on one hillside.

The word had come through to get them alive — birds, reptiles, anything. A zoo somewhere abroad needed restocking. Anyhow, my job was to help capture some birds.

The cabin had not been occupied for years. We intended to clean it out and live in it, but there were holes in the roof and the birds had come in and were roosting in the rafters.

I got the door open softly and I had the spotlight all ready to turn on and blind whatever birds there were so they couldn't see to get out through the roof. I had a short piece of ladder to put against the far wall where there was a shelf on which I expected to make the biggest haul. I had all the information I needed just like any skilled assassin. I pushed the door open, the hinges squeaking only a little. A bird or two stirred.

I padded across the floor, got the ladder up and the light ready, and slithered up the ladder till my head and arms were over the shelf. Everything was dark as pitch except for the starlight at the little place back of the shelf near the eaves. With the light to blind them, they'd never make it. I had them. I reached my arm carefully over in order to be ready to seize whatever was there and I put the flash on the edge of the shelf where it would stand by itself when I turned it on. That way I'd be able to use both hands.

Continued

[1]juxtapositions — side-by-side placements

Everything worked perfectly except for one detail — I didn't know what kind of birds were there. I never thought about it at all, and it wouldn't have mattered if I had. My orders were to get something interesting. I snapped on the flash and sure enough there was a great beating and feathers flying, but instead of my having them, they, or rather he, had me. He had my hand, that is, and for a small hawk not much bigger than my fist he was doing all right. I heard him give one short metallic cry when the light went on and my hand descended on the bird beside him; after that he was busy with his claws and his beak was sunk in my thumb. In the struggle I knocked the lamp over on the shelf, and his mate got her sight back and whisked neatly through the hole in the roof and off among the stars outside. It all happened in fifteen seconds and you might think I would have fallen down the ladder, but no, I had a professional assassin's reputation to keep up, and the bird, of course, made the mistake of thinking the hand was the enemy and not the eyes behind it. He chewed my thumb up pretty effectively and lacerated my hand with his claws, but in the end I got him, having two hands to work with.

He was a sparrow hawk and a fine young male in the prime of life. I was sorry not to catch the pair of them, but as I dripped blood and folded his wings carefully, holding him by the back so that he couldn't strike again, I had to admit the two of them might have been more than I could have handled under the circumstances. The little fellow had saved his mate by diverting me, and that was that. He was born to it, and made no outcry now, resting in my hand hopelessly, but peering toward me in the shadows behind the lamp with a fierce, almost indifferent glance. He neither gave nor expected mercy.

I quit looking into that eye and managed to get my huge carcass with its fist full of prey back down the ladder. I put the bird in a box too small to allow him to injure himself by struggle and walked out to welcome the arriving trucks. It had been a long day, and camp still to make in the darkness. In the morning that bird would go back with the bones in the truck to a small cage in a city where he would spend the rest of his life. And a good thing, too. I sucked my aching thumb and spat out some blood. An assassin has to get used to these things. I had a professional reputation to keep up.

I was up early and brought the box in which the little hawk was imprisoned out onto the grass where I was building a cage. A wind as cool as a mountain spring ran over the grass and stirred my hair. It was a fine day to be alive. I looked up and all around and at the hole in the cabin roof out of which the other little hawk had fled. There was no sign of her anywhere that I could see.

"Probably in the next county by now," I thought cynically, but before beginning work I decided I'd have a look at my last night's capture.

Secretively, I looked again all around the camp and up and down and opened the box. I got him right out in my hand with his wings folded properly and I was careful not to startle him. He lay limp in my grasp and I could feel his heart pound under the

Continued

feathers, but he only looked beyond me and up.

I saw him look that last look away beyond me into a sky so full of light that I could not follow his gaze. I suppose I must have had an idea then of what I was going to do, but I never let it come up into consciousness. I just reached over and laid the hawk on the grass.

He lay there a long minute without hope, unmoving, his eyes still fixed on the blue vault above him. It must have been that he was already so far away in heart that he never felt the release from my hand. He never even stood. He just lay with his breast against the grass.

In the next second after that long minute he was gone. Like a flicker of light, he had vanished with my eyes full on him. He was gone straight into that towering emptiness of light and crystal that my eyes could scarcely bear to penetrate. For another long moment there was silence. I could not see him. The light was too intense. Then from far up somewhere a cry came ringing down.

I was young then and had seen little of the world, but when I heard that cry my heart turned over. It was not the cry of the hawk I had captured; for, by shifting my position against the sun, I was now seeing further up. Straight out of the sun's eye, where she must have been soaring restlessly above us for untold hours, hurtled his mate. And from far up, ringing from peak to peak of the summits over us, came a cry of such unutterable and ecstatic joy that it sounds down across the years and tingles among the cups on my quiet breakfast table.

I saw them both now. He was rising fast to meet her. They met in a great soaring gyre[2] that turned to a whirling circle and a dance of wings. Once more, just once, their two voices joined in a harsh wild medley of question and response. Then they were gone forever somewhere into those upper regions beyond the eyes of men.

I am older now and have seen most of what there is to see and am not very much impressed any more, I suppose, by anything.

All over the city the cogs in the hard, bright mechanisms have begun to turn. In the laboratory an electronic mouse runs swiftly through a maze toward the cheese it can neither taste nor enjoy. On the second run it does better than a living mouse.

On the other hand the machine does not bleed, ache, hang for hours in the empty sky in a torment of hope to learn the fate of another machine, nor does it cry out with joy nor dance in the air with the fierce passion of a bird. Far off, over a distance greater than space, that remote cry from the heart of heaven makes a faint buzzing among my breakfast dishes and passes on and away.

Loren Eiseley

[2]gyre — a spiral

CREDITS

William Allen. "How to Set a World Record" from *Columbus Dispatch*, December 23, 1973. Reprinted by permission of William Allen.

Alden Nowlan. "Andy Shaw" from *Shaped By This Land* (Fredericton, New Brunswick: The Press of the University of New Brunswick). Reprinted by permission of the University of New Brunswick.

Glen Bontje. "Read It Over Slowly, Twice" from *Road to Yesterday*. Reprinted by permission of the author.

Reprinted and adapted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. from "Trifles" from PLAYS by Susan Glaspell. Copyright 1920 by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. Copyright renewed 1948 by Susan Glaspell.

Expo Ernie Logo reprinted with permission from the EXPO 86 Corporation.

Ray Bradbury. "In a Season of Calm Weather." Reprinted by permission of Don Congdon Associates, Inc. Copyright © 1957 by Ray Bradbury.

"Wayman in the Workforce: Actively Seeking Employment" by Tom Wayman. Reprinted by permission of Tom Wayman.

From THE WOMEN, by Clare Boothe. Copyright 1937 and renewed 1965 by Clare Boothe Luce. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Essay "The Bird and the Machine" by Loren Eiseley. From *The Immense Journey* © 1955 by Loren Eiseley, Random House Inc. Reprinted by permission of Random House Inc.